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## GLOVES.

"He said he had his gloves from France;  
The Queen said, 'That can't be;  
If you go there for glove-making,  
It is without the g.'"—FAIR ROSAMOND.

THE elder D'Israeli, in his sketch on the history of gloves, sets out by observing, that in the 108th Psalm, where the royal prophet declares he will cast his shoe over Edom, and in Ruth iv. 7, where the custom is noticed of a man taking off his shoe and giving it to a neighbor, as a pledge for redeeming or exchanging anything, the word *shoe* may in the latter, if not in both cases, mean *glove*. He adds, that Casaubon is of opinion that gloves were worn by the Chaldeans; and that in the Chaldee paraphrase of the book of Ruth, the word which we render as *shoe* or *sandal*, is explained in the Talmud lexicon as "the clothing of the hand." Here is a sad confusion of hands and feet, as much so as in the celebrated observation by Mrs. Ramsbottom, that she "had had a great deal of walking on her hands, lately."

The flinging down of a sandal upon a territory was a symbol of occupancy or possession. "Upon the land of Edom do I cast my shoe" (sandal), says the Psalmist, in the 9th Psalm. And this was a symbol of slavery to the Edomites, for to loose the sandal was the office of a slave; and in Egypt, especially, we find paintings of slaves who are carrying their master's sandals. On the sole of the latter was sometimes represented a captive, whom the wearer had the pleasure of thus pictorially treading underfoot. When an old shoe is thrown after a newly married couple, it does not so much imply that they have probably been put in possession of felicity, as that they have certainly lost their liberty.

Xenophon remarks that the Persians wore coarse clothes, fought bareheaded, and never required pocket-handkerchiefs. He laughs at them however for using gloves, and for effeminately covering their heads, when the latter might best dispense with the protection. Laertes, the Greek, wore gloves when he was gardening, in order to protect his fingers from the thorns;—and this shows that young Greek noblemen, in remote times, could occupy themselves usefully and innocently. Our youths, with much time, heavy purses, and a lordship of self, would find considerable profit in "putting on the gloves" for no worse purposes.

Gloves were not common among the Romans, but they were not entirely unknown. Varro says that to pluck olives without them was to spoil the olive; and Athenæus tells of a glutton who used to dine out in gloves, and so be enabled to dispose of the hot things quicker than the guests who were less prepared for the handling them. The fashion of gloves made its way however in Rome, in spite of the philosophers who affected to despise comfort, and did assuredly decline cleanliness. They were worn, for instance, by the secretary of the elder Pliny.

The mode seems to have been adopted in some excess by the monks, until a decree of the Council of Aix ordered that they should wear none but gloves of sheepskin. Had they turned their cilices into gloves, and made flesh-brushes of them, it would have been more profitable to themselves, and to all who stood near them. In France, the use of gloves was allowed only to bishops. They were sometimes used in great formalities of the "Church," and indeed of the State also; for bishops received investiture by presentation of a glove, and kings were not half crowned who did not receive a pair, with an episcopal blessing to enhance the gift.

Among the early English, the Anglo-Saxons; we find that ladies, before they knew the use of the glove, or applied their knowledge to its most convenient conclusion, had the ends of their mantles shaped into gloves, and these were worn over the hand, under the name of mufflers.

Gloves were worn by females before the Reformation, despite what Gough says to the contrary. A dishonored knight was deprived not only of his spurs, but of his gloves also. It was right that the symbol for or gage of battle should be taken from him whose office it had been to carry arms, but who was no longer accounted as worthy of wielding them.

In Germany, he who entered a prince's stables, or was present at the killing of a stag, without taking off his gloves, had to pay his footing or fine; in the first case to the grooms, in the second to the huntsmen—and for this reason, because they could not mingle among grooms and huntsmen, and yet retain their dignity (asserted by keeping on the glove), without paying for it.

Gloves are distributed at funerals—perhaps originally as a challenge from the doctor, defying all who shall dare say that he had committed murder contrary to the rules of art. But they were acceptable presents on other occasions; and when gloves were rare, and James I. and Elizabeth gave those rich and rare articles as gifts to various members of the Denny family, no doubt the fingers of the latter felt the honor deeply. When these gloves were sold, some two centuries and a half later, a single pair fetched a price for which a man with judgment and taste might purchase a select library. One of this family, Sir William Denny himself, contributed a remarkable poetical work to the libraries of 1653, namely, the 'Pelecanicidium, or the Christian Adviser against Self-murder; together with a Guide, and a Pilgrim's Pass to the Land of the Living.' In the preface he says, "Mine ears do tingle to hear so many sad relations, as ever since March last, concerning several persons, of divers rank and quality, inhabiting within and about so eminent a city as late-famed London, that have made away and murdered themselves."

In England gloves came in about the time the Heptarchy went out. The exact period is not known; but we do know that when a society of German merchants sought protection for the trade which they carried on between their own country and England, they propitiated King Ethelred II. by presenting him with five pairs of gloves: their not being able to muster the half-dozen, shows the rarity of the article. In the case mentioned the gloves were probably not so much a gift or bribe, as a portion of duty paid in kind. Prior to this period the hands of both sexes were covered, as I before observed, by the mantles; and some persons with rapidly progressing ideas, had donned an imperfect structure which presented a stall for the thumb, and a sort of stocking foot for the rest of the fingers. They were like the mufflers which we place on the digits of young England; and when Mrs. Ramsbottom made the observation I quoted in the first paragraph, of "having had much walking on her hands lately," she may have had these very mufflers in her eye.

Gloves soon became fashionable among the higher classes; at least, Ordericus Vitalis tells us that when the Bishop of Durham escaped from the Tower, during the reign of Henry I., he had to slide down a rope; and as the bishop, in his hurry, had "forgotten his gloves," he rubbed the skin off his hands to the bone, in descending from the window. Duke Charles of Guise, when he escaped in a similar manner, from the Château at Tours, in the days of Henri III., had better fortune; he descended more leisurely than the bishop, being lighter, and with no further detriment than a rent in his hose.

Long before the period referred to by Ordericus, the French monks were the authorized glove-makers. They especially loved hunting, but respectability required that they should not love the sport merely for the sport's sake. Accordingly, Charlemagne granted to the monks, of Sithin especially, unlimited right of hunting,

because of the skins of the deer killed by them they made gloves and girdles, and covers for books. I have before noticed, that by a subsequent decree of the Council of Aix, in the time of Louis le Débonnaire, monks were forbidden to wear any gloves but those made of sheepskin.

Gloves were popular new-year's gifts, or sometimes "glove-money" in place of them; occasionally, these gloves carried gold pieces in them. When Sir Thomas More was Chancellor, he decided a case in favor of Mrs. Croaker against Lord Arundel; the former, on the following new-year's day, gratefully presented the judge with a pair of gloves with forty angels in them, "It would be against good manners," said the Chancellor, "to forsake a gentleman's new-year's gift, and I accept the gloves. The *living* you will elsewhere bestow."

It will be remembered that St. Gudule had the faculty of being able, when her candle was extinguished, to blow it in again. Many among us enjoy the same faculty, and school-boys often practise the miracle—the only one ever performed by St. Gudule. It is said, however, that when the saint prayed, barefooted, in church, the attendant priest, moved by compassion, put his gloves under her feet. They immediately rose, and hung in the air for a whole hour;—but what that proves, I really do not know.

But we have had gloves suspended in our own churches. When Bernard Gilpin was preaching in the North of England, he observed, on entering one of the churches there, a glove suspended from the roof; and having learned that it was a challenge placed there by a Borderer, in defiance of some other Borderer, he tore it down, to the great disgust of the sexton, who had a respect for established usages, even though the devil had invented them. Good Bernard Gilpin gave a challenge of his own from the pulpit: he flung down the Gospel before the rather angry people, who were highly civilized, and therefore averse to innovation; and he told them so defiantly of the difficulties in the way of their salvation, that they determined to surmount them and become a Christian people; and *that*, under correction, is a better glove, and a greater miracle, than those of St. Gudule.

Our Queen Elizabeth was a wearer of gloves that are said to have been of a very costly description. Shakspeare was once acting in her presence the part of a king—one of his own making; and so careful was he of the illusion of the scene, that he forgot all other things beside. The Virgin Queen resolved to put him to the proof; and as the mimic king passed before her, she dropped one of her gloves. Shakspeare, faithful subject as well as actor, immediately paused, and with the words that, "although bent on this high embassy, yet stoop we to pick up our cousin's glove," he presented it to the real Queen, and then passed on. This anecdote is often cited to prove that nothing could induce the poet-actor to depart from the business of the stage; and it proves exactly the contrary; but as an illustration of gloves I have found it handy to my purpose.

Elizabeth treated Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, more generously than she did Shakspeare. The Queen gave him her glove, which, she having dropped it, he had picked up to return to her. He immediately adorned it with jewels, and placed it in his cap, where he displayed it at all jousts and tournaments. Chivalrous gentlemen at Donnybrook fair follow something of this fashion when they draw a chalk line round their hat, and knock down every one bold enough to declare that it is not silver lace. Elizabeth, I may add, received as well as gave gloves. The first embroidered pair ever worn in England were presented to her by Vere, Earl of Oxford, when he returned from a mission abroad. The Queen had her portrait taken with the gloves introduced.

And speaking of embassies, recalls to my memory another story connected with gloves and legations. Ambassadors' effects are passed without examination—not by law, but out of courtesy. This courtesy has made smuggleresses of many an envoy's wife; of none more than of a French Ambassadors, not very many years ago, in England. She used to import huge cases of gloves under the name of "despatches," and these she condescended to sell to English ladies who were mean enough to buy them. But the custom-house officers became tired of being accomplices in this contraband trade, and they put a stop to it by a very ingenious contrivance. Having duly ascertained that a case directed to the Embassy contained nothing but ladies' gloves, they affected to treat it as a letter which had been sent through the Customs by mistake, and which they made over to the post-office. The authorities of the latter delivered the same in due course; the postage-fee of something like £250 was paid without a remark; and the ambassador stopped all further correspondence of that sort by declining to deal any longer in gloves.

But even the Customs get defeated occasionally, in spite of their cleverness. Some years ago a celebrated exporter of contraband goods, residing at Calais, sent on the same day, to two different parts of England, two cases of gloves, one containing gloves only for the right, the other case, gloves only for the left hand. The "left hands" got safely to their destination, but the "rights" were seized. The Customs, however, could find no purchaser at the usual sales for single gloves, but they were at last bought by an individual at the rate of a penny a dozen; this individual happened to be the possessor of the other single gloves, and he reaped a rich profit by the trick over the fair and honest dealer.

This was a more successful trick with the gloves than that practised by the lady who, flinging her pretty gauntlet on to the arena where some wild beasts were struggling, bade her knight descend and bring it back to her. The cavalier accomplished the task, but he smote the cruel damsel in the face with the glove ere he threw it at her feet; and, turning on his heel, he left her for ever. She of course lived on in single sullenness; and I warrant that she never saw white gloves and a wedding without a twinge at her heart.

The late Duke of Orleans was once almost as unlucky as this lady, and all through a glove. He was visiting some of the wounded of Art-werp in a hospital near the scene of conflict. He spoke kindly to all, and he shook hands with several; but one of those he so honored bluntly remarked, that when the Emperor shook hands with the wounded he first drew off his gloves.

The Duke as much offended *contra bonos mores* by keeping his gloves on, as an old-fashioned naval captain once did by keeping them off. The marine hero in question had stood up to go through a country-dance with a very fine lady, who was shocked to observe that his huge and warm hands were not covered according to etiquette. "Captain," said his fair partner, "you are perhaps not aware that you have not got your gloves on." "Oh, never mind, Ma'am!" answered the commander, "never mind; I can wash my hands when we've done!" The gallant sailor was not as wide-awake to the advantages of opportunity for gallantry on the question of gloves as Yorick was when the grave gentleman flirted with the Calais grisette. He was no descendant, albeit his name was Harley—of that Earl of Oxford I have just named, who once presented Elizabeth with a pair of gloves, ornamented with four tufts of rose-colored silk, so deliciously scented, that she called the scent "Lord Oxford's perfume."

London, Ludlow, and Leominster, Worcester,

ter, Woodstock, and Yeovil, are the great seats of the leather-glove manufacture in England. The Worcester district alone supplies six million pairs annually, and all, or nearly all, made by hand. Derby contributes silk gloves; the worsted come from Leicester; and Nottingham furnishes us with cotton gloves. In addition to these, we yearly import between three and four million pairs of leather gloves from France. The export of home-made gloves is very small—not large enough to keep warm the fingers of the little republic of San Marino.

—*Habits and Men.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, May 18, 1855.

It is finally open; this Exposition which we have waited for so long, and which has raised to so high a pitch the curiosity of Paris, of France, and of the world. The roar of artillery, the sound of trumpets, brilliant uniforms, elegant toilettes—nothing, in fact, was lacking at this fête, except, perhaps, fine weather, because the sky was grey and gloomy. The morning of inauguration was not, to say the least, very imposing. After a long address from Prince Napoleon, and a short reply from the Emperor, the assistants at the ceremony poured into the galleries of the Palace of Industry, and viewed the marvels which have been gathered there from the four quarters of the world.

You know that the Exposition of the Fine Arts, all that I shall give you an account of, is independent, at least in the locality it occupies, from the Exposition of Industry. They have built in the Champs Elysées, at the end of the Avenue Montaigne, a vast edifice of a very simple style, and where the pictures and statuary are well disposed and lighted. Five thousand one hundred and twelve objects of Art have found admission to the galleries. Thus, in spite of the rigor of the Commission of Examination, in spite of the numerous and unfortunate rejections which I have informed you of, the collection is still very rich, and, of course, interesting. France regrets the absence of some celebrated masters: Delaroche and Ary Scheffer, who enjoy in Paris a high popularity, have contributed nothing. Barye, also, our great sculptor of animals, is in this category. His works are, doubtless, in the first rank of this kind, but he, from artistic pride, would not submit them to the appreciation of a jury.

Fortunately all the world has not followed this example. One of the leaders of the modern school, M. Ingres, who, now-a-days, does not contribute to the public exhibitions, has re-united the gems of his work, and has ornamented the walls of a gallery where he reigns absolute master, and alone. Eugene Delacroix, his rival in talent and reputation, has sent more than thirty pictures. Decamp and Horace Vernet have sent many. Among the landscapists, Rosseau, Corot, Daubigny, and Troyon, are attractive.

But I must say to you, that there is something more curious to us than the exposition of our own artists—the works of foreigners. The French are not like the American and English travellers; in spite of the railroads, and the facility of journeys to distant countries, they stay willingly at

home, and very few even among those who love and study the Arts, know the galleries of Europe. For the most part, the works of the German, Spanish, and English painters, are absolutely new among us. These are veritable revelations to our ignorance, and when we go into the foreign galleries, we pass from surprise to surprise. If you have the time to read the French journals, you will see our critics bending to the power and force of certain schools of whose value they were yesterday ignorant.

The administration charged with the organization of the exposition, wished to treat the strangers with a fraternal politeness. It has placed their works in the first galleries of the palace of the Avenue Montaigne, reserving for the French the furthest rooms. The ground floor is entirely occupied by painting and sculpture; two vast staircases lead to the first floor, where they have placed the water-colors, engravings, lithographs, pastels, and architectural drawings.

If you like we will imitate the example which the organization of the exposition has given us, and in our review we will commence with the foreign artists. Our journey will not be long to-day: it is with difficulty that we can enter the departments of Belgium and Holland—the sacred land which has given to the world Van Eyck and Lucas of Leyden, Rubens and Rembrandt. We must admit that the school of the Netherlands has declined very much from its former splendor. The end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, have scarcely produced a great artist in Flanders. Happily, within the past ten years, the national genius has awakened, the feeling for color has returned, and it has come back to the study of Nature. So that under all these diverse influences, the Belgian school holds a high rank in the exposition.

A name almost new to France will first claim our attention. Without doubt Henri Leys has already exhibited at the Louvre, but his pictures have passed almost unnoticed. He is a sincere artist, and not easily satisfied with himself. Leys has labored much and long to find his proper talent, but has found it at last. That which he seeks and loves, is a kind of resurrection of the past, with its costumes, its manners, its customs, and its spirit. The three pictures which he calls *The Trentaines of Bertal de Haze*—"The Promenade outside of the Walls"—and, the "New Year in Flanders," seem to be pages torn from some old book of the fifteenth century. The faithfulness of the costume, the exactness of the least details, but above all, the retrospective character of the heads, make of these pictures veritable wonders. Henri Leys has a great talent as a colorist, his drawing is of a wonderful nicety, and the attitudes of his figures exceedingly fine—in short, he shows peculiar skill in the arrangement of his groups upon the canvas, and in the spirit with which he makes them move there. What characterizes him particularly is his success in reproducing to our eyes a past which we supposed for ever gone. Henri Leys is like a man of the fifteenth century, who, overlooked by the angel of death, relates to us of the present day the incidents of his own time.

After Leys, but far removed from him,